

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

AUGUST 24, 1936

•
**"NO COMPROMISE AND
NO SURRENDER"**

Herbert Resner

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**THIRTY-FIVE
THOUSAND
NEW ALIENS**

Carey McWilliams

•
WOOF WOOF

William Seroyan

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**BOOK REVIEWS
LABOR NOTES
HOLLYWOOD-WEEK**



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PACIFIC WEEKLY

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NOTES AND COMMENT

THOSE ADVOCATES of constitutionalism and guardians of liberty, the Associated Farmers of California, have again sprung to the breach in defense of human rights. They are circulating a petition to place on the ballot an initiative measure which would amend the state constitution with the effect of barring aliens who have entered the country illegally from holding jobs or obtaining relief. The Associated Farmers would thus deprive certain aliens of the right to live and work. That such an amendment, if passed, would violate the clause of the Fourteenth Amendment which guarantees equal protection of the laws to all persons, including aliens, and that similar laws in other states have been held unconstitutional by the United States Supreme Court means nothing to the Associated Farmers. In their mind, they, and not the Supreme Court, are the defenders of the Constitution. They, the labor-hating, red-baiting, exploiting, absentee farm owners, and not the government, are the preservers of liberty and equal opportunity. How much longer is the mass of ordinary Americans going to remain silent and inactive about such usurpers of governmental prerogative as the Associated Farmers?

WE HEAR that a fine little Christmas present for American sailors is contained in the Copeland Bill passed by Congress and signed by the President last session, which becomes effective December 25th. When all the verbiage of the bill was untangled it appeared that a permanent blacklist had been created, in the form of a permanent discharge book, for all sailors. The only apparent aim of the provision is to make it possible, and probable, that any sailor or union organizer hereafter protesting against what he considers unfair working conditions will promptly be called a "red" or an "agitator"

and be fired summarily—and for good. It is not too late for friends of labor to write to the President and to Congressmen their refusal of this Christmas package.

WHEN members of the Sailors' Union last March struck the Grace liner *Californian* in San Pedro, charges of mutiny were hurled at the seamen. Attorneys for the company yelled, the *San Francisco Chronicle* editorially bellowed, Secretary of Commerce Roper squealed—"Mutiny!"

Now Colonel J. M. Johnson, assistant secretary of commerce announces that the tieup in San Pedro, since it was not called while the ship was at sea, and no element of safety was therefore involved, was no different from any other strike. Accordingly, threatened prosecution of the crew for mutiny is squashed. Attorneys for the Department of Commerce made the final ruling.

THE CITY of Bessemer, Alabama, possesses an ordinance which imposes the penalty of \$100 fine and six months on the chain gang for any one who distributes, or has in his possession any written or printed material "advocating, advising, or teaching the doctrine that organized government should be overthrown by force, violence, or any unlawful means."

Yes, we are all for law and order. That is just why we wonder at the following events in Bessemer. Jack Barton, a native white Georgian, was arrested and tried under the above ordinance by a judge who, in passing judgment stated: "I do not know whether this ordinance is constitutional or not; I have serious doubts of it." Barton was tried *without legal defense* and sentenced to the chain gang, and, the only one among several prisoners to be so treated, was compelled to walk five miles under a hot sun in chains.

Jack Barton, in short, was tried without defense, sentenced under a patently unconstitutional law, and cruelly treated, for the "crime" of having in his possession two copies of the official periodical (*The Communist*) of a party which is legal on the ballot in the United States.

JOHAN L. LEWIS and the C.I.O. have more to combat in their drive for industrial organization than Mr. William Green's condemnation. We should not forget that the terror against organizers and workers in the steel towns also continues unabated. "White Crusaders," the "Independent Employees' Association" and similar groups are holding hands with the American Iron and Steel Institute, consequently with Charlie Schwab and his pals, to terrorize, club, kick, and if necessary shoot the men who are trying to make union mean something in Pennsylvania. The C.I.O. and the steel workers are countering these blows, but hoping, we suspect, that not too many hit below the belt.

THE Amalgamated Clothing Workers, at their annual national convention held recently in Cleveland, adopted a resolution which should recall something to the D.A.R., and to all good yankee descendants of Puritans and Pilgrims. The resolution reads as follows:

WHEREAS, the United States has always been known as a place of refuge for the victims of political and religious persecution from all countries and of all shades, and

WHEREAS, religious and political liberty has been the corner stone of American tradition, therefore be it

RESOLVED, that this Convention go on record in favor of the United States opening its doors to all victims of political and religious persecution, and be it further

RESOLVED, that we use the influence of our organization to impress upon Congress and upon the President of the United States the need for keeping alive the noble tradition of this country.

AMERICA's number one spell binder and demagogue, Father Charles E. Coughlin, was on the radio last Sunday, speaking from Cleveland at the annual convention of his National Union for Social Justice. And if there are those who entertained doubts that he is a fascistic Jew-baiter, his speech should dispel them all. He delivered himself of a vitriolic attack on what he described as the "Jewish creed of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." He lashed out against the Jewish money-changers and international bankers. For good measure he attacked the Socialists and the Communists and Roosevelt, and came to the defense of the Constitution and the institution of private property. Then, with that rare sense of "logic" he possesses, he decried the system of rugged individualism that resulted in want in the midst of plenty. Hitler in his palmiest days could not have assembled a more hateful and dangerous speech. Coughlin's silver masters, listening in from their Long Island estates, were no doubt proud and pleased at their sycophant's eloquence.

FREEDOM for the Negro people was written into the Thirteenth Amendment. Protection of their lives, property, liberty and civil rights was provided by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. But freed as they were from actual human bondage, the Negro people in America have not yet seen the realization or enforcement of those amendments. Particularly in the South have the Negroes been subject to ceaseless persecution, and their most elementary rights shamelessly abrogated. Lynchings for alleged rapes and killings of white women have found their basis less in these supposed crimes than in the economic and attendant social problem the Negroes present to the puzzled, dominant white groups of the South.

Therein lies the answer to the hanging of the Negro boy at Owensboro, Kentucky last week before 15,000 men, women and children. They came not to see a man executed, but a race of people reminded of its place. Negroes hid in their homes, fearful of race riots. And the thousands of white people at the execution, reared in a prejudice most of them probably do not understand, enjoyed a hangman's holiday. And this is America, and it is the year 1936, and we are professedly a democracy with justice and tolerance for all—no matter what a man's race, color, creed or religion?

When we have created an ordered economic society, then will we have actual tolerance and genuine democracy. Then will we see enforced for the first time those three amendments that have been on our statute books since the Civil War.

MORE NAZI PROPAGANDA

ALTHOUGH we are somewhat late with these reports, we give them to bring up to date our recent articles on Nazi Propaganda in California.

Dr. Konrad Burchardi, the sterilization advocate of Herr Hitler, together with another Nazi provocateur, Max Egan, several weeks ago escorted District Attorney Buron Fitts of Los Angeles to a picnic given by the Tyrolean and Bavarian Club at La Crescent. Various political candidates were being introduced by Hans Gebhardt, attorney and president of the German-American League. Gebhardt had completed the introductions, and the chairman called upon the orchestra to play. At that moment, Nazi Herman Schwinn leaped to the platform. He ordered the orchestra to stop and introduced Fitts to the audience. Many persons in attendance protested Fitts' appearance and objected to this "Nazi sponsored candidate." Fitts, however, ascended to the platform and delivered a political speech.

Not content with this verbal propaganda, some of the Nazi hoodlums, violating the latest edict of Nazi officials that propaganda must be "subtle" now, waylaid on his way home one of the persons who had protested the Nazi-sponsored Fitts' speech, and beat their victim into unconsciousness. A broken nose and badly beaten body was the reward of this outspoken foe of Hitler. The Nazi terrorists do not hesitate to employ in California the sadistic and inhuman practices employed by their Brown-shirted contemporaries in Germany.

And let the further fact be noted that Nazi Konrad Burchardi who writes fascistic sterilization articles for the Harry Chandler owned Los Angeles Times is the companion and advocate of the Harry Chandler sponsored Buron Fitts for district attorney.

Los Angeles is also the scene of the latest appearance of America's would-be Hitler, William Dudley Pelley. He appeared there on the night of July 18, at a secretly called meeting of some 500 fascists at the German House, 632 West 15th Street. Taking the stump for his Christian Party, successor and heir to the Silver Shirts, Pelley indulged in an orgy of Jew-baiting. Speaking in the midst of men outfitted in Silver Shirt regalia and in a room decorated with Nazi symbols,

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Pelley promised his listeners a Hitler in America within three months.

Many of those present openly proclaimed themselves to be the "Fascist Vigilantes of America." One of the speakers characterized the recent Orange county strike of Mexican fruitpickers as being the work of "Communist Jews" who were preparing to take over the orange groves.

Pelley, the main speaker, opened his address with a salute to a swastika flag draped on the wall. He launched into a bitter attack on Jews, civil rights, and labor and progressive forces. He asserted that the United States is under the domination of Jews and that the only solution is an American Hitler. Pelley modestly claimed for himself the "honor" of this role. He stated that he, like Hitler, was "ordained by God to lead the people out of distress."

"Both the Republican and Democratic parties are sinister Jewish institutions, as well as the Communist party," cried Pelley. Roosevelt is a Jew, and with his nomination a challenge was thrown "at us fascists again this eighteenth day of July and we accept this challenge and will in a few months have established our Hitler of America."

"When the time comes I shall walk up the steps of the White House as Ethan Allen walked up the steps of Ticonderoga and knock on the door and say 'Open in the name of Almighty God and Fascism!' And after this Jewry in America will be no more."

Thus the Nazis and Fascists pursue their program of terror and hate in California, as in the United States generally. Again those who really want freedom are reminded that its price is eternal vigilance.

HERBERT RESNER

ORANGE COUNTY STRIKE

UNDER FIRE from both the right and left, the position of the Mexican Consul is the recent Orange County strike of citrus workers was not an enviable one.

The growers demanded that the consul use his influence with the Mexican workers to induce them to return to work without settlement of their grievances. When Consul Ricardo Hill refused, the Packing House Managers' Association labeled him as "Communitic," and petitioned Washington to declare him persona non grata to our government.

From the left, the union leaders characterized Hill as a "betrayer" of the strikers because of the role played by the Consulate in negotiations which led to the settlement of the strike. What was the Consulate's connection with Harry Chandler? the union leaders asked. One of the union consultants, with labor connections in Washington, joined in the campaign to force the Cardenas government to recall Ricardo Hill.

The paradox of a "united front" between the growers and union leaders against the representatives of the Cardenas government led me to believe that there were some gaps in the story which required filling in.

In Los Angeles at the moment was a prominent Mexican official, with a background of sympathy for the workers' cause. When I explained what was troubling me, he agreed to grant me an interview, providing he remained anonymous.

"Recently," I told him, "there was formed a Federation of Agricultural Unions, embracing the Mexican, Filipino, Japanese and American farm laborers. Because the consulate is limited to dealing with its own nationals, the effect of consular activities has been to break down the Federation and

divide the strikers into two camps—in one camp those born in Mexico, and in the other American-born Mexicans, Filipinos and Americans.

Any gains won by the strikers can be easily nullified by the old principle of playing race against race unless the Federation is maintained.

"In addition," I said, "it appears to me that the consulate weakened the authority of the union by taking the initiative in negotiations instead of leaving such matters to the elected strike committee and the union leaders.

"There is a strong feeling," I added, "that the consulate should have kept its hands off the strike and permitted it to be fought out on a trade union basis solely, without injecting the issue of race."

In reply, he asked me whether I had ever heard of Calles and Morones exiled Mexican leaders and if I were familiar with their efforts to discredit the Cardenas government.

"Yes, I had," I assured him.

"Mexican consular officials," he continued, "are in a difficult spot when labor disturbances arise in the United States involving their nationals.

"If they were to remain aloof, the right wing labor adherents of Morones would raise the cry throughout Mexico that the Cardenas government was hypocritical in its sympathy to labor, otherwise it would come to the aid of their oppressed brothers in the United States.

"When the consulates do take a hand," he said, "Calles sees to it that throughout the United States a roar goes up that the 'Communitic' Cardenas government is fomenting trouble among the workers in this country, and therefore the United States should take steps against Cardenas.

"With Father Coughlin urging action against the Mexican government, plus the Hearst-inspired drive, led by Congressman Charles Kramer of Los Angeles, to annex Lower California, the Mexican government wants to give these gentry no pretext, fancied or real, to intervene in Mexican affairs. It takes the position that these labor disturbances should be settled as quickly as possible, even though a protracted struggle might possibly secure greater benefits for the Mexican strikers."

I interrupted him with the suggestion that the best apparent solution was for the American Federation of Labor to organize the Mexican agricultural workers, and thus relieve his government of responsibility. He agreed, but pointed out that in the Orange County strike the American Federation of Labor did not enter the scene until many of the strikers were jailed on flimsy pretexts and their families starving because relief was denied them.

"It would be fine," the Mexican official said, "if the strikers could hold out for union recognition. But they haven't the resources to do it. Very little money for relief has been provided, and no state relief at all. It is true that Mr. Rust, the union's attorney, forced the Orange County relief administration to accept applications, but that is different from issuing relief. The best thing for the strikers is to settle so that they may live to fight another day.

"Fred West, the organizer of the State Federation of Labor, was told that the Mexican Consulate would wash its hands of the strike and turn everything over to the American Federation of Labor providing the Federation would immediately take the Mexicans in and provide relief for them to carry on the strike.

"Mr. West was without authority to conclude such an arrangement."

We then discussed whether organization of the agricultural workers would solve the problem of their intensive exploitation.

"That is only part of the answer," the Mexican official answered. "A complete change in the structure of California agriculture is necessary. Land values and crop production are based on the availability of a surplus of labor which permits the growing of high labor-requiring crops. Any organization that secures adequate living conditions and wages for agricultural workers will have to cope with the problem of instituting a planned economy in California's agricultural industry.

"For the Mexicans, the best solution appears to be their repatriation to Mexico and their settlement in co-operative farms. If we were to take 50,000 or 75,000 Mexicans out of the southwest and California, the surplus labor supply would be cut down sufficiently for the remaining workers to develop some solution to their problems."

I changed the subject to ask about Harry Chandler's part in the negotiations. "Didn't the consulate know he was the arch foe of union labor in California?" I inquired.

"That is precisely why he was the logical man to induce as reactionary a group as the orange growers to meet with the consular officials and strikers," the Mexican official replied with a chuckle. "Chandler owns too much land in Mexico to incur the enmity of the Mexican government. The

growers had refused to talk to any of the consular officials on the grounds that they were "Communists."

"What about John Dolan, Harry Chandler's secretary?" I asked. "I understand he is legal adviser for the Mexican consulate."

The Mexican official answered with a grimace of disgust. "Ten days ago Dolan was ordered out of the consulate and told to stay out. Confirmation of his discharge was received from Mexico City. He was hired by Martinez, Hill's predecessor.

"After Chandler arranged the meeting with the growers, he left for Arizona, with further details left in Dolan's hands. Each day Dolan would come around proposing further concessions to the growers until he was finally told to get out of the consulate and stay out."

"I heard that Dolan remarked his services should be worth about \$7,000 to the orange growers for settling the strike? Is that true?" I asked.

"Yes," replied the Mexican official. "He was trying to collect from both ends.

The next day the Mexican official telephoned me. He mentioned the names of two strike leaders. "We have information," he said that these two people are in the pay of Calles and Morones."

I asked him for his proof. He replied that he was unable to divulge the sources of his information.

DAVID PRICE

"NO COMPROMISE AND NO SURRENDER"

HERBERT RESNER

"THIS ORGANIZATION will be formed, based and founded on the class struggle, having in view no compromise and no surrender."

It was Bill Haywood of the Western Federation of Miners speaking. The day was June 27, 1905. The occasion was the calling to order of the Chicago convention out of which grew the Industrial Workers of the World. Idealistic yet purposeful men like Eugene Debs, Daniel DeLeon, William Trautmann, A. M. Simons and Haywood dominated the convention, despite the I. W. W.'s repudiation of individual leaders and its affirmation that all "powers should rest in the collective membership."

Differing as these leaders and many of the delegates to the convention did on certain matters of labor and politics, they were in the main agreed on the I. W. W.'s program of revolutionary industrial unionism, on the I. W. W.'s declared policy to organize the unskilled and the unorganized. "This organization," said Haywood, "is not a rival to the A. F. of L. We are here for the purpose of forming a labor organization."

There followed years of struggle and activity when the I. W. W.'s were a vital, moving force in the American labor movement. They organized hitherto unorganized and exploited workers in the coal fields, the copper mines, and the timber areas. And they were "rewarded" for their efforts by company guards and strikebreakers and armed deputies: there was Bloody Ludlow, the Bisbee expulsion, the Centralia massacre, the Wheatland hop riots, the "red" raids and

criminal syndicalism trials and convictions of the early twenties. They were villified in the press as the "I Won't Works," the "I Want Whiskey Brigade," and the "Irresponsible Wholesale Wreckers." But the I. W. W. persisted. It continued to organize and to win strikes. There was no compromise and no surrender.

Yet, during the late twenties the I. W. W. lost in both influence and number of members, and this situation has continued to the present date. The answer is partly traceable to the decline which the general organized labor movement, i. e. the A. F. of L., underwent during these years; mainly, however, the I. W. W. became ineffective because it had failed to consolidate its gains, it had consciously neglected to establish collective bargaining machinery, it shunned agreements and contracts with employers. This was inherent in the anarchistic method and ideal of the I. W. W. It was the natural consequence of the I. W. W.'s revolutionary philosophy and refusal to bargain with the capitalists. The policy of "no compromise and no surrender" which won strikes could not maintain the gains achieved.

But last year and this, in the Pacific Northwest timber regions where the I. W. W. has always been relatively strong, certain events have occurred which, coupled with other developments nationally in labor and politics, are bound to have profound significance on the American scene. The history, activities, philosophy and policy of the I. W. W. is related in an important degree to this situation.

Many of them constituting part of the I. W. W. movement



which once was powerful in the area, 110,000 timber and saw mill workers are employed in the woods and mills of Washington, Oregon and Idaho. The lumber industry in 1933 employed 50 per cent of the wage earners of Oregon and Washington. The value of the products of the industry amounted to 25 per cent of the total for these states, and the value added by manufacture equaled 32 per cent of the total. Into this rich and important industry, controlled principally by the Weyerhaeuser interests and the Long Bell Lumber Company, in the early part of last year went Abe Muir, old time laborite.

Muir proposed to organize the timber workers for the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, affiliated with the A. F. of L., of which he is a General Executive Board member. He found in the woods and mills a group of workers who were underpaid and laboring under deplorable conditions. It was no difficult task to organize these men into the Sawmill and Timber Workers Union, a subsidiary of the Brotherhood, and to call them out on strike. Not only did they have their own wrongs to redress as an incentive, they were also inspired and motivated by the tremendous victory of the year before of the longshoremen and marine workers.

The boundless organizing enthusiasm and ability of these timber workers, reared in the I. W. W. tradition, fostered and spread the strike to such an extent that it threatened to get away from its leaders. The I. W. W. strike technique was simple. A picket would appear at a camp or mill, hang up a strike banner, and call the men out. No vote was needed or taken. The workers responded spontaneously to the strike call. In the best I. W. W. tradition, every striker was his own leader.

The A. F. of L. organizers soon saw that definite measures and policy were necessary to control the strike. With that, Abe Muir declared that the strike should extend only in the area west of the Cascades, i. e. the Douglas fir (hemlock) regions of western Washington and Oregon. East of the mountains, in the Ponderosa (yellow) pine area, the strike did not reach. Nor when the strike in the Douglas fir area was won did Muir and the A. F. of L. organizers even try to extend the union into the yellow pine regions.

In the west, the strike which lasted from May 6, 1935 to August 15, 1935 won only a small pay increase from 45 cents to 50 and 55 cents an hour, but it established the 40 hour week, time and a half for overtime, improved working conditions camp sanitation, and the all important union recognition. 54,000 workers of the 70,000 in the Douglas fir area became and still are members of the Sawmill and Timber Workers Union.

Some 56,000 workers, 40,000 of them in the yellow pine area, still remained unorganized, though they were ready and anxious to become union members. Abe Muir and the A. F. of L. were conspicuously derelict in the task they had undertaken to organize the timber workers.

Suffering from the same grievances as those previously held by the Douglas fir workers, some 5,000 timber workers in the Idaho region have been on strike since July 1. This strike is an I. W. W. strike, and the same "no compromise and no surrender" spirit in which the I. W. W. was created prevails among the men. Although Governor C. Ben Ross has called in the national guard and declared martial law and although four strikers (Hill, Gentry, Selz, Gustafson) have been shot by company gunmen, and scores arrested for picketing, the strike is as strong as the day it was called. The men are asking for \$5.00 per day instead of the \$3.80 they now receive, and for improvement of living conditions. At the present time, bunk houses are indescribably filthy, blankets are dirty, sheets are changed only every month or so. Food is furnished on a "gyppo" basis, which means that the less food the men get the more profit the cook makes. The men want this situation remedied. The men are also asking for no discrimination against union members, and time and a half for overtime.

The latest device threatened by officials of Clearwater county to break the strike is to expel from the county every striker not a resident. Another Bisbee mass expulsion looms. That such action would violate the due process of law clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, and impair the constitutional privilege of a citizen to have free access to a state does not disturb the guardians of "law and order" of Clearwater.

Labor in the northwest and on the west coast in general is supporting the Idaho timber strike. While Weyerhaeuser holds out, the smaller mills indicate that they are willing to deal with the men. It is only a question of time until the strike is won.

More important, however, than this particular strike, is the fact that while the Idaho strikers are in an I. W. W. union, they are learning from the Sawmill and Timber Workers Union across the mountains, formerly I. W. W.s themselves, the importance of consolidating any gains they might win. The A. F. of L. organizers, despite their shortcomings in the timber organization campaign, had taught the Sawmill and Timber Workers Union the necessity of having agreements, of following the A. F. of L. practice on this score. That was indeed a departure from historical I. W. W. tactics.

Here lies the significance of the present I. W. W. movement in the northwest to the labor movement and the political situation in America in general. The Sawmill and Timber Workers Union members are at heart I. W. W.s. They are genuine and historical industrial unionists, but they are now learning to combine with the technique they have always employed the A. F. of L. form. The I. W. W.s were original users of job action and of the organizing strike—and they won strikes. Now they have made the further step of cementing by agreements and collective bargaining the gains so won. Nor have they receded on their policy of "no compromise

and no surrender." Instead, a larger field has developed for the greater utilization of that policy.

Since John L. Lewis and the Committee for Industrial Organization have started to organize the mass production industries, the timber workers of the northwest see possible of fruition for the first time the great plans of Haywood and Debs and those others of the 1905 convention for the industrial organization of labor. Over to the timber workers, the C. I. O. offers the only course for labor, even though many of them are affiliated with the craft organized Carpenters. From an unaffiliated group of timber workers a letter was sent on July 20 to John Brophy asking for a charter in the C. I. O. Although the C. I. O. has scrupulously kept to its declared program of organization work only, this latter incident indicates that if the suspension of the ten "offering" C. I. O. unions is affirmed by the A. F. of L. Executive Council, thousands of unorganized workers stand ready to be organized by any new labor alliance built around the C. I. O. unions.

110,000 timber workers in the northwest, both organized and unorganized, stand ready to join the C. I. O. These timber workers, representative of thousands of other laborers with I. W. W. background, are moving right (and we use

these terms advisedly) to fuse with the C. I. O. unions which are moving left. This is on a trade union basis.

One factor remains and that is political. The C. I. O. unions are the most active components of Labor's Non Partisan League which, while it is supporting Roosevelt in the coming election, is looking toward a Farmer-Labor Party for 1940—toward an American People's Front.

The I. W. W., and thus the timber workers, has always been revolutionary in character. Yet at the July 25-26 convention of the Washington Commonwealth Federation, a people's front conclave, 141 labor delegates, many of them timber workers and sailors with I. W. W. training, were present (PACIFIC WEEKLY, August 17). It is entirely possible that the I. W. W. elements may join with the C. I. O., and they with all the liberal and progressive forces in America, for a genuine Farmer-Labor Party in 1940.

The industrial unionization campaign and the attendant sentiment for a Farmer-Labor Party are the most significant movements in America today. They might bring about the ordered, humane, abundant life Eugene Debs and others like him fought for all their lives.

That is something on which there must be no compromise and no surrender.

THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND NEW ALIENS

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

THE Philippine Island Independence Act has isolated approximately 35,000 Filipinos in California. It was apparently the thought of Congress that the Filipinos in the United States would hasten back to the Islands after the passage of the act. To take care of this situation, the Welch Repatriation Act was passed on July 11th, 1935, approving an appropriation of \$100,000 to afford free transportation to the Islands, for resident Filipinos, with the significant provision that "no Filipino who receives the benefits of this act shall be entitled to return to the continental United States," except under the quota. The measure was obviously designed as both a deportation and exclusion act, since it assumed that most resident Filipinos would accept its provisions, and since the quota allotment is such as to preclude the possibility of re-entry for those who return. The time limit was fixed in the bill for December 1, 1936, by which time its proponents confidently expected that a majority of the Filipinos would be back in the Islands and that, by the same token, the "Filipino Problem" in California would be solved.

To the annoyance of the authorities, however, the Filipinos have not responded to the suggestion that they get out. When the President Coolidge sailed from San Francisco, with the first group of repatriates, only sixty-seven Filipinos were aboard. Furious over the failure of the Filipinos to respond en masse, the immigration officials promptly launched a campaign in the press to encourage repatriation, charging that the Filipinos were being hoodwinked by Communists and coerced by labor contractors. The campaign is not likely, however, to meet with success.

The Filipino does not intend to leave California. He is opposed to repatriation for certain definite reasons. In the

first place, all male Filipinos under thirty years of age must report within five days after their arrival in the Islands for military service under the National Defense Act, a circumstance that is seldom mentioned by the immigration officials in their arguments in favor of repatriation. In the second place, the Filipino has worked hard in the United States, at coolie wages, and, by organization, is only now beginning to command a decent wage. Economic conditions in the Islands are not encouraging, particularly when repatriation means abandoning the meager foothold that the Filipino has won in this country at great hardship and expense. Under these circumstances, the Filipino does not desire to take "advantage" of the Welch Repatriation Act, the provisions of which have now been extended to December 1, 1937, in a further effort to get the Filipino out by that date.

Far from being settled, the Filipino problem in California is today more complicated than ever before. Consider the anomalous status of the Filipino. He entered this country legally as a "national"; in fact, he had a right of entry. Being a national, he was not concerned about citizenship when he entered; in fact, he regarded himself as a citizen. Today he cannot become a citizen (unless he is eligible because of service in the Navy), nor, generally speaking, can he be deported. The Welch Bill was designed to take care of this phase of the problem; in other words, it was deportation in disguise. If evidence is needed, it is readily available. Mr. P. G. De Vera of the "Philippine Island Chamber of Commerce"—an organization that is in effect Mr. De Vera—wrote to the Department of Labor when the Welch Repatriation Bill was under consideration: "due to the peculiar feeling and reaction which 'is bound to come up pro and con about the plan (repatriation), and because of the fact that I

believe it will be made voluntary, it is necessary that whatever steps your local office should take, the press must be made to understand that this plan came up as the result of the request of the different Filipino organizations in California." In other words, for publicity purposes and in anticipation of a reaction against the Welch Bill (and note that the quotation implies that there was originally some talk of the measure being made compulsory), the bill was to be described as though it had come about as a "request" from the Filipinos for free transportation. As nearly as I can determine, no such request was ever made to Congress or the Department of Labor by any responsible Filipino organization in California.

Today the Filipino's position as a national has been completely undermined. He is a resident alien threatened with deportation and exclusion under the guise of repatriation. Filipinos are now classified as "foreign born enlisted men" and are being rapidly discharged from the Navy and refused re-enlistment. Service in the Navy, usually as kitchen help, was at least one means whereby the Filipino might acquire citizenship. With the exception of about 5,000 Filipinos who have served in the Navy, the resident Filipinos—approximately 35,000 in number—are not citizens nor are they eligible for citizenship. The consequences of the change in status from national to alien are obvious. Local authorities in California have already ruled that the Filipino, as an alien, is subject to all the prohibitions of the state law affecting aliens. For example, they cannot operate automobiles for hire; they are also subject to the alien gun laws. And if the initiative measure now being circulated by the Associated Farmers should become a law, it would be illegal to give employment to a Filipino on any public works project in the state.

Other factors complicate the Filipino's position in California. It is doubtful, for example, if more than 10 per cent of the resident male Filipinos are married; and the ratio of Filipino males to females in California is about 14 to 1. Most of the Filipinos are, moreover, young men. Indignant native Californians are in the habit of regarding the male Filipino as a ludicrously dapper fellow who habitually associates with prostitutes and taxi dancers. But the facts scarcely require interpretation. Some years ago, in the case of *Roldan vs. Los Angeles County*, 129 Cal. App. 267, it was held that a Filipino was not a "Mongolian," within the meaning of our miscegenation statute, and that therefore a Filipino could marry a white girl. But the legislature promptly amended the law so as to make it apply to "members of the Malay race."



Thus the Filipino cannot marry a white girl in California.

Although the Filipino works primarily in the rural districts and contributes a staggering sum to California's economy, spending, as he does, every cent that he makes, he has no voice in local affairs. He has no vote nor can he hold public office. As a consequence, he can be kicked about by local police officers with perfect political impunity. There have been, of course, savage anti-Filipino race riots in California. But the discrimination against the Filipino is a matter of daily occurrence. In San Francisco, Judge Sylvain Lazarus recently denounced the Filipinos from the bench as a "race scarcely more than savages," and subsequently ordered the police department to arrest any Filipino seen escorting a white girl. In Stockton, a representative of the district attorney's office a month or so ago charged the Filipino with being "a menace to the community from 'the standpoint of criminality and personal integrity.'" Max Watson, a Santa Clara County probation official, has urged that the movement of the Filipinos from one county to another be carefully curtailed in order "to check their criminality." The Chief of Police of El Centro, in December, 1935, issued a bulletin "to arrest all white girls and Filipinos seen together or or near Main Street," while Superior Court Judge Vaughn Thompson, of the same community, has publicly inveighed against the Filipino. The dean emeritus of the California farm industrialists, Dr. George P. Clements, of the Agricultural Department of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, referred to the Filipino in the *Pacific Rural Press* (May 9, 1936), as "the most worthless, unscrupulous, shiftless, diseased, semi-barbarian that has ever come to our shores." Yet the sociological insight of these gentlemen is, indeed, very feeble. It has been repeatedly pointed out, for example, that the gambling halls in the Delta region near Stockton, are operated in many instances by ranch foremen, who make a business of fleecing the Filipino of his hard-earned wages. When authorities investigated a "riot" of Filipinos at Oakley, California, on July 10, 1936, they found that a labor contractor had appropriated the pay roll of the workers—a common occurrence. The so-called "criminality" of the Filipino is merely a consequence of the circumstances of his employment, and mode of existence, in California.

In an effort to round up the Filipinos for "repatriation," the immigration officials have charged that the great shipper-grower concerns in California have conspired with Communist agitators—a remarkable combination, indeed—to keep the Filipino in California. But the facts point to a different conclusion. The farm industrialists want to get rid of the Filipino, and for definite reasons. The majority of Filipinos coming to California—and, incidentally, they were imported by these same shipper-growers—were wholly inexperienced as industrial workers. As a consequence, they scabbed on white and Mexican workers and the growers used the resulting indignation as a means of creating dissension. Today the Filipino has profited by his experience. He knows that the ranches in California where he works are not ranches but factories, the Filipino being employed primarily on the large ranch. With the experience in mind, he has organized the Filipino Labor Union, with seven locals and a membership of close to 3,000—one of the most compact organizations of agricultural workers in the state. In addition to being resentful over his treatment in California, the Filipino is usually young and unmarried; unlike the Mexican he does not have to worry about a wife and children. For these and other reasons, the Filipino is an excellent fighter and his militancy is well-known throughout the state.

Of recent years, the shipper-growers have stated again and again in their meetings and publications that they fear the Filipino worker. The farm industrialists, moreover, want to kill two birds with one stone: they want to get rid of the potentially dangerous Filipino and at the same time they want to reduce their taxes by forcing unemployed white workers off the relief rolls and into the fields at wages less than are now being paid the Filipino. They have admitted, in so many words, that such is their intention. From Santa Cruz, on September 30, 1935, came a report that "Filipino labor is under boycott in the artichoke fields, according to Louis Poletti, head of the Davenport Artichoke Growers Association. In order to lessen race antagonism and provide employment for white families, Poletti said forty leading ranchers had agreed to employ only white labor."

The 35,000 Filipinos in California are in an exceedingly precarious position today. If they return to the Islands, they must do military service and they can never re-enter the United States. If they return to the Islands, they must start

their lives all over again and gamble on their ability to make a living. If they stay in California, they cannot become citizens, nor hold office, nor vote, nor inter-marry, and they are subject to all the restrictions against aliens. If they are arrested, they may be deported as a condition of probation—a common practice. They can no longer acquire citizenship by doing a period of enlistment in the Navy. Thirty-five thousand exiles, they are in the United States but not of it. Their position will, moreover, be jeopardized by additional legislation. For if the Welch Bill fails to get the Filipino out of California—and it will fail in this objective—then other means will be devised to deport the resident Filipinos. The threat of deportation is no longer disguised. A newspaper in Santa Barbara reports: "The alien Filipinos who have caused much trouble for the Santa Barbara county sheriff's department during recent years may be returned to their homes. Walter E. Carr, district director of immigration, has announced that these unnaturalized Filipinos will not be wards of the United States after December 1."

WOOF WOOF

WILLIAM SAROYAN

MONEY, in this country, is (1) the penny, (2) the nickel, (3) the dime, (4) the quarter, (5) the half-dollar, (6) the dollar, woof woof, and so on up into the higher regions of life, liberty, ummm ummm, forty three, forty-four, forty-five, forty-six, woof woof, and the pursuit of boom boom, fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-four, fifty-five, happiness.

Money is one cent, two cents, three cents, four cents, five cents, car-fare, cup of coffee, cheap cigar, telephone call. Six cents, seven cents, eight cents, nine cents, ten cents, hamburger, package of cheap cigarettes, two cheap cigars, two rides in the subway, two cups of coffee, woof woof, the beginning of social security. Eleven cents, twelve cents, thirteen cents, fourteen cents, fifteen cents, admission to a cheap movie, a hamburger and coffee, three telephone calls, a package of Chesterfields, Camels, Lucky Strikes, or Old Golds. Sixteen cents, seventeen cents, eighteen cents, woof woof, nineteen cents, twenty cents.

That's what the hell money is. Down near the bottom, though. Forty-eight cents, forty-nine cents, woof woof, fifty cents, a cheap room in a stinking building on a mean street, a hard bed containing eighty-five, eighty-six, woof woof, lice, boom boom, and sleep.

Sleep, Comrade. Rest, relief, ninety-six, woof woof, life.

Money, that's what. What the hell is the stuff? Nothing; it's nothing, it's only twenty-three, twenty-four, pennies, minutes, hours, days, and living. That's what money is in Capitalist countries and that's what it is in Communist countries, and that's what it always has been and that's most likely what it always will be, and if you've got a lot of it, it's nothing, and if you haven't got any of it, it's everything.

And if you haven't got any of it, you're just as good as fresh out of everything, food, shelter, time, place, space, the earth, hydrogen, oxygen, life, Comrade, you're just as good as dead.

Unless.

Unless, mind you.

Unless, Comrade, you've got more of one thing than another

and less of one thing than another, such as of having less of pride than of anger, and more of impudence than of despair, and then, Comrade, money, although still sixty-six, woof woof, and everything else, is not exactly everything, because if you've got more of impudence than of the opposites of it, you've got at least nine good chances out of ten.

To do what?

Well, Comrade, to do one of any number of lousy, noble, magnificent, humiliating, splendid things: beg, steal, or, in more accurate terminology, demand, take, or, in even more accurate and scientific terminology, function.

Function?

That's it, woof woof.

If you beg as a beggar, it's lousy, it's humiliating. If you do it as a scholar and as a gentleman and as at least the equivalent of any king of any country who ever lived, it is not lousy, it is not humiliating, it is noble, it is magnificent, and you are not a rat, you are a hero.

In their terminology, though, they may call you a son of a bitch, but if you begged as at least the scientific equivalent of any king in the world, then they are liars, and you are all right.

And if you robbed as a scholar and as a gentleman, you are all right. You are as great a hero as any soldier who ever destroyed an enemy.

They don't know about such things as one cent, two cents, three cents, one street, two streets, no house, no door, no room, no bed, woof woof, twenty-four hours of accumulated hunger, thirst, weariness, anger. And they don't know what a nickel is, what a dime is, what a nickel and a dime together are, what two dimes together are, they don't know anything, they don't know what the world is, what life is, what beauty there is in a cup of coffee at three o'clock in the morning, what renewal, what delight, eighty-six, woof woof, they don't know what delight a lousy bed is to a tired body, they don't know anything at all.

And they are bitterly opposed to (1) Russia, (2) Communism, (3) order, (4) proportion, (5) accuracy, (6) life,

and (7) in a fantastic way, in a foul-smelling way, Mr. Roosevelt.

They are afraid. They tremble with fear, and that's the old song and dance again, twenty-two, twenty-three, the enemy closing in, woof woof, the government spending money, one penny, two pennies, one million dollars, two million dollars, one billion dollars, hamburgers, beds, sleeps, life. They are scared to death. The poor dopes think it's their money, and they're scared to death about the old international melody, woof woof, closing in on them, taking away from them, balancing, proportioning, leveling off, and they are afraid because they know that, if it were left to God and nature and the universe, if they were exposed to the hard, brittle, cold, endless dangers of the world, they would flop, they would die, woof woof, they would disappear like nothing, evaporate, keel, kick the bucket.

They?

Who the hell are they? Well, fellow-citizens, they are the ones with plenty of it, and to them it doesn't mean a thing because, ordinarily, there would be no end to it, but now that it seems if there might be an end to it, now that it seems they might be exposed to the world, they are full of trembling, and they hate the guts of Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. Roosevelt?

Well, him or somebody else, they hate the guts of the old melody closing in on them, the way it's got to close in on them, in spite of all their organizing, in spite of all their newspaper editorials and phony news items, in spite of all their oratory and all their plans. The numbers are piling up against them, one hundred million, one hundred million and one, one hundred million and two, and three, and four, and five, and six, woof woof, people, human beings, like themselves, only different in that they have none of it, no dollars of it, only different in that they beg and steal as scholars and as gentlemen and as the exact equivalents of kings, and live, and don't die, and so it's getting them down, because these are millions of humanity, the great public, the lousy great public, the awful masses, sixty-four, sixty-five, woof woof, living, not dying, closing in on them, and who the hell are they? They are only people too, only men and women and children, although with plenty of it, and wanting to keep plenty of it, and so what's to be?

Well, you Comrades can call it history, dialectical materialism, revolution, or anything else you like, but it is actually nothing, it is certainly no more than the crazy melody, woof woof, and I'm in favor of it, though it doesn't mean a thing, and as far as I can tell never will.

THREE YEARS BEFORE THE MASTHEAD

LABOR NOTES

JOHN BOND

ORGANIZATION of newspaper editorial workers in the American Newspaper Guild moves forward rapidly on several fronts. The youngest organization affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, the Guild is experiencing in the contests in which it is now engaged all the trials and tribulations which come with attempts to penetrate unorganized fields.

In Seattle, Washington, the Guild unit on the Hearst-owned *Post-Intelligencer* has called a strike to obtain the reinstatement of two Guildmen, fired for union activity, and recognition of the Guild as the reporters' collective bargaining agency. Aided by the entire Seattle labor movement, the Guild strike has compelled the *Post-Intelligencer* to suspend publication.

The widespread support of the Guild by teamsters, ferry-boatmen, longshoremen—in fact, the entire labor movement brought forth this assertion from the P-I. management:

"The fact that an organized mob of teamsters, longshoremen and timber workers, through intimidation and violence, is preventing these men (the mechanical forces, represented in the printing trades unions) from attending to their work provides a dramatic example of how certain labor racketeers hold this community in their grip."

The shocked and righteous indignation of the Seattle publishers at the united front of labor is in strange contrast to the thoroughgoing co-operation of the employers themselves. True, the unity of the Hearst sheet, the *Daily Times* and the *Star* isn't particularly dramatic but is nevertheless effective. One recalls, for instance, the lockout in 1933 of the mechanical forces, when a rat crew was maintained in Seattle's lead-

ing hotel and ultimately replaced the newspapers' union employees.

But that is only part of the lineup. Against the forces of organized labor will be opposed, in addition to the Hearst organization and its associated publishers, Washington's Industrial Council, the open-shopper's union, and any other anti-labor employer who wants to contribute his two cents worth. That such an array should be met by the combined resistance of all labor should not occasion surprise, least of all from the publishers.

In San Francisco and Oakland, the Northern California Newspaper Guild has submitted proposals on wages and working conditions to five newspapers. At the same time, it has affiliated with the San Francisco Labor Council and is making every effort to find out what the labor movement means. This particular Guild, one of the oldest in the youthful national organization, has not had an easy row to hoe, since in its early stages it was bombarded by the most vicious sort of intimidation and discharges. It now has its feet on the ground and is carefully planning its next steps.

The situation in San Francisco, though at the moment quiet, will be influenced by a weighty document from the pen of Roy Howard, recently head of Scripps-Howard newspapers and now editor of the *New York World-Telegram*. The *San Francisco News*, a unit of the Scripps-Howard chain, has recognized the Guild but has announced that it will be governed by Howard's letter.

Mr. Howard, in a lengthy statement to the *World-Telegram* staff, said the paper would sign no contract with the Guild involving any of the following principles:

"(a) Confinement of selection of editorial and reportorial staff to any closed Guild list.

"(b) Regimentation or even suggestion by the Guild to its members of any political or other dogma.

"(c) Regulation by Guild rules of rates of compensation on any rigid quantitative or time basis to be applied generally in the editorial department.

"(d) Insistence on any policy calculated arbitrarily to raise the *World-Telegram* margin of editorial expense above that of its principal competitors—even though motives of self-interest will prompt us to seek the advantage of the highest standard of salaries as rapidly as business conditions will permit."

The first point is apparently an effort to confuse the situation by dragging in the open-shop definition of the closed union shop. While the Guild in many instances asks the closed shop, it contemplates that the publisher shall hire whomever he pleases but that after a trial period such employees shall become members of the Guild. Such a provision offers the employers ample freedom in selection of employees without opportunity to undermine his employer's organization.

It would seem, too, that the political or economic views of a reporter are that reporter's own business—certainly not Roy Howard's. Merely because a person happens to be an editorial worker is not sufficient reason to condemn any man to complete inactivity or blindness to the day's vital issues. Howard, long known as one of the nation's liberals, angered perhaps because the Guild endorsed the principle of a Farmer-Labor party, now reveals all his liberal pretension as mere empty phrases. It is far simpler to fight a Hearst, who is obviously anti-labor and fascist, than a hypocritical Howard who smothers his anti-labor tendencies in liberal pretensions.

As to the next point, one must ask exactly what does Howard expect the Guild to do. If the Guild, as the collective bargaining agency of the editorial workers, cannot have its say as to minimum wages and maximum hours of work and instead must confine its collective bargaining to toilets and typewriters, then it might well disband. But the Guild is a trade union. And the matters of wages, hours and working conditions are its concern.

Finally, Howard makes history by raising the bogey of financial inability to pay. In its bargaining with the mechanical forces, publishers have always maintained that the publishers' financial position is not the union's business. Their books have always been closed to impartial investigators. Why reporters, alone among newspaper crafts, are now faced with this changed attitude is not made entirely clear.

Meanwhile, the prospects of company unionism raises its head. Word comes of the organization in New York of a new professional organization of "editorial people." While promotion of its members' welfare is one of its aim, its charter would prohibit affiliation of any political, economic or other character.

On still another front, the Guild is waging war on one of its numerous enemies. For over five months, the Guild unit on Hearst's *Wisconsin News* in Milwaukee has been on strike, demanding recognition and collective bargaining. While the strikers have maintained a strong front, their fight has not been easy nor is the end yet in sight.

The Wisconsin State Federation of Labor has pledged its aid in the fight on Hearst and has joined in a statewide boycott of Hearst publications. Its recent convention was marked by two actions making its support of the Guild effective.

When printing trade unions recently took space in a "centennial" anniversary edition of the *Wisconsin News*, the advertising was interpreted as an effort to convince the public that union labor was completely in harmony with Hearst. The Federation administered a stern reprimand to the printing trades unions for making common cause with labor's open enemy. Moreover, the Federation barred a scab reporter and photographer from the struck paper who were covering the convention.

All this has subjected the Guild to a severe test. Long fed on the romance of newspaper work and paid with by-lines, newspaper reporters have been reluctant to organize. In many ways, they considered themselves the superiors of the printers, the pressmen and the organized trades in the mechanical departments. Their problems were not such, they said, that they could be solved through collective action. The reporter was an individualist and starved or feasted on his own hook.

The depression taught many newshawks a lesson. The American Newspaper Guild was the result. They have cast their lot with the American Federation of Labor and are undertaking the task of organizing for their common protection. The Guild has gone into fights, backed to the hilt by every member of organized labor and armed with every weapon the combined forces could muster. It has, also, been faced with virtual strikebreaking by the unions of the back room workers and disinterested aid from its cohorts in the union labor movement.

Thus, the youngest national union in the A. F. of L. in its short history has met with opposition and tactics which, though ancient as organized labor, have constantly to be learned and re-learned. From peaceful negotiations to bitter war, from quiet, uneventful conferences to hypocritical evasion or coercion and intimidation, the Guild has gotten a good taste of what organization for workers' rights means.

HOLLYWOOD WEEK

LOUIS NORDEN

NEWS OF THE WEEK: N.B.C. and C.B.S. gave a full hour on the air to a program entitled "Salute to Warners," as acknowledgment that the music war between Warner Bros. and the American Society of Composers, Artists and Publishers (A.S.C.A.P.) had ended. For, this week, after six months of legal strife, Warner Brothers applied for re-entrance into the society. Their petition was granted, seniority in distribution of A.S.C.A.P. royalties included. The fight cost the film company more than \$1,000,000 in legal fees, royalties, and a 30 per cent drop in the box-office return on all musicals.

Anton Litvak, French director, will make the Bronte novel "Wuthering Heights" for Walter Wanger with Sylvia Sydney and Charles Boyer in leading roles.

The next Dick Powell picture for Warner Brothers will be "The Singing Marine," being the only branch of the service which has not been covered by past Warner Brothers-Hearst films.

M.G.M. may hold up "The Good Earth" with Paul Muni and Luis Rainer for next season.

Robert E. Sherwood's play, "Idiot's Delight," if made into a motion picture, will be banned in Italy, according to an announcement this week by the Los Angeles Italian con-

sul. Italy's warning is intended to stop any American film company from purchasing the play. Robert E. Sherwood might resent such alien interference with his right to make a living in this country.

Warner Brothers are negotiating for the purchase of Alex Munthe's "The Story of San Michele."

John Ford is now directing Sean O'Casey's "The Plough and the Stars" for R.K.O. from the screen play written by John Ford.

SALARIES: * Sidney Kent, head of Twentieth Century-Fox sales organization, gets \$180,000 a year, plus the right to buy 10,000 shares of common stock annually at a price that guarantees a profit. In addition, another \$10,000 yearly is guaranteed for expenses, plus \$25,000 more for his duties as president of subsidiary National Theaters. Famous Darryl F. Zanuck rates \$5,000 weekly while Joseph M. Schenck gets \$2,500 weekly. All three are under 7-year contracts.

Previous to Fox merger with Twentieth Century last year, Kent got \$191,146 while W. C. Michel took \$36,618, Sidney Towell rated \$21,890 and Winfield R. Sheehan, \$300,000. The top eleven employees at that time earned salaries and bonuses amounting to \$493,518 annually, while the next 74, including actors and directors, got \$4,527,198.

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT: Protests against the activities of Major Bowes are beginning to increase in number. This week from Broadway itself and one of its columnists came a snarling, but justified slam at the Amateur Hour impresario. The source, Irving Hoffman, of both the *Hollywood Reporter* and Hearst's *New York American*. He says:

"Many a pipe dreamer in kicking the gong around talks in terms of five figures, but it is reliably reported that Major Edward Bowes soon will be earning in the vicinity of \$40,000 a week for kicking his gong around on an idea which he did not originate. The records show that Perry Charles of radio station WHN originated the Amateur Hour idea and conducted it on that station for six weeks before the Major stepped in and took it and the station over.

"In the second place, the Major has cashed in on the amateurs. They have been the stepping stones to his success and he has repaid them with petty cash salaries and by letting them agree to turn over to his office 10 per cent of their earnings in any field of entertainment opened to them through their appearance on his Amateur Hour."

Hoffman goes on to suggest that, instead of paying a huge income tax, the Major pays off to the amateurs. It is this column's guess that the Major, through incorporation, will duck out of paying the tax on his \$1,000,000 income.

"We believe that the human interest stories he extracts from the amateurs when they make their mike debuts will be as nothing compared with the heart-rending tales to be told when the Amateur Hour is over . . ." Hoffman declares.

"Of course the Major and the Ivy Lee Associates employed to paint a pretty picture of his activities can tell you hundreds of tales of how the Major has waved his magic wand over contented Cinderallas. But there are two sides to every story and there are lots of stories connected with the Major's hour.

"It's time someone struck the gong on the Major."

POT AND KETTLE: R.C.A. Victor agents bribed, coerced and intimidated Philco employees to reveal trade secrets, according to a suit filed this week in the New York Supreme Court by Philco Radio and Television Corporation of Philadelphia. Philco demands that R.C.A. be directed to return

such secret documents and confidential matters as it has in its possession, and to refrain from further espionage. R.C.A. induced operators of private detective agencies, it was charged, to entertain female employees of Philco to get trade secrets.

ART AND REVOLUTIONARY LITERATURE

DAVID CARTWRIGHT

● BOOKS

A POINT made in James T. Farrell's contribution to criticism which has been clouded by the battle of left pundits over his political shortcomings should not be lost sight of. He wanted only to offer a corrective tendency to left-wing criticism the need of which Isidor Schneider, for one, has admitted indicates a crisis in revolutionary literature. So, whether Farrell is correct in hauling off on various critics is not nearly so important as that he sensed a requirement of Marxist criticism in America if it is to continue to be viable. He has proven that left critics have been prone to oversimplify, to sloganize literary values, to drive back to the ivory tower intellectuals concerned with cultural values, to dam the creative stream with stereotypes and hard and fast rules. On that account then his book is important, at least in a limited way.

Farrell calls for a pluralist view in art, emphasizes that literature may have both an aesthetic and a functional value. What he believes to be the failure of enthusiastic left-wing critics is their disregard for the persistence value of literature, the historical proof that things can be written with one idea in mind only to be enjoyed by people with entirely opposite ideas. He calls in Marx, Engels and Lenin to substantiate his claim that the contemporary exponents of literary Marxism need not twist and turn to draw out the political connotations of works of art in order to be Marxists. As a matter of fact there are probably no critics among those Farrell attacks who would, if he had not beaten them to it, disagree with him; but it is possible that in the rush of adapting critical principles to the practical requirements of a world in movement former aesthetes may have been over-zealous in their attachment to new and surprising material values.

Chief of Farrell's quarrels with Schneider, Granville Hicks, Malcolm Cowley, is that they have sought to impose extra-literary standards upon literature. He would have literature evaluated by long-term criteria rather than by short-term standards. His argument with the art-is-a-weapon school is not anti-revolutionary, as it has been charged, but is based on his belief that "literature is not propaganda but it may have propaganda function." Unwilling like many of his confreres to jettison "bourgeois" literature, he pitched into the critical field to subtilize the instruments of Marxist criticism. With relentless impartiality he denounces revolutionary sentimentalism, anti-intellectualism, preconceived definitions and absolutized categories in literature, and mechanistic application of the materialist interpretation to literature.

Skulls have been cracked, but the greater harm has arisen because his opponents were dismayed enough to rise up and call him a bad Marxist. The fault of this I will try to point out later. What is essential to note is this: art has its basis in life; for Marxists then, it must conform to vicissitudes in the patterns of experience and the structure of events in history, so it cannot disobey, beyond the reasonable depth of the imagination, life as it is lived in different periods of time, by the

A NOTE ON LITERARY CRITICISM, by James T. Farrell. (Vanguard Press). \$2.50

several classes and by many and various individuals. Farrell's strongest weapon over his opponents is his insistence that a critically sound revolutionary literature must recognize this concept of necessity.

I have pointed out at another time that it is because Farrell did not attempt to tack on his political ideas at the end of "Studs Lonigan" but let the events of 1929 pass as background to the decay of his young man of the middle class that his trilogy is so effective a work of art and possesses, as well, powers of propaganda for social change. Though his non-fiction is not so well organized as was his novel, once again he has shown up his contemporaries, this time at a game that is not his but theirs. It would only serve to embarrass to quote the faults and distortion made by eager left-wing critics, but it can be hoped that this opening gun in a campaign to re-orientate a Marxist view of letters in our time in America may not be lost in petty quarreling. Farrell has his own faults too, one of which is an occasional vagueness of definitions, a high hat attitude and because he left himself open to the kind of attack that has been made on his book.

Well, where do we go from here? "A Note on Literary Criticism"* corrects faults, warns against dangerous tendencies, calls a halt to brash contempt for qualitative values. It has been asked, does the book contribute anything new? It was not intended to obviously, for Farrell has said he wanted "to open a critical discussion." His sharpshooting then, which was offered in the way of internal criticism has been judged an external attack, to the loss of criticism for the time.

There is obvious need today for the dichotomization of communicable ideas. Simplified, politicalized literature must be written for the great army of readers; but also Farrell's book shows a need for organs of exchange of technical opinion and dispute for men of letters.

A broad, flexible criticism, working forward from what Farrell has begun, could preserve, "take over," and strive, as well, to create new values. A usable Marxist criticism has need to be as flexible a set of concepts as is revolutionary tactic and policy in times of crisis.

Farrell's book then is for the men of letters themselves. Perhaps it should not ever have had public attention; but then too what good it can effect might never have been achieved. For those who are concerned with values his work is an important addition to a living attitude. It is true that for the millions who are not concerned to save Shakespeare that the need is not for critics, but a pamphleteers who can call men out of their slumber and their meekness to build with their brains and their hands. Critics like Schneider and Hicks, at least, ought not to confuse these disparate, but integrated, needs.

JEFFERS IN DISPUTE

ROBINSON JEFFERS AND THE SEA, by Melba Berry Bennett. (Gelber, Lilienthal Inc.). San Francisco, 1936. Limited to 300 copies. \$7.50

MRS. BENNETT's book contains 173 pages, more than 100 of which consist of excerpts describing or mentioning the Pacific Ocean from poems by Robinson Jeffers. There is an interesting foreword by Una Jeffers, a hitherto unpublished fragment of an early poem by Jeffers, two letters from the poet to friends, as well as a letter to James Rorty which here makes its fifth appearance in print. A number of photographs are reproduced.

Of new facts about Jeffers' life and work there is a scarcity. Of previously published facts regarding his parentage, marriage, the chronology of his books, there is a plenty. In fact, much of that part of the book written by Mrs. Bennett is a repetition of material already available.

We do not come in close contact with Jeffers himself,

except in the letters from him and the extracts from his poetry. Rather, we see him through his wife.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Bennett has failed to use already published material which would have saved her some needless theorizing. For instance, Herbert Klein's study of Jeffers' prosody (1930) is reasonable and valuable in that it shows the background and experimental practices which led to Jeffers' escape from formalism. Mrs. Bennett offers the theory that "The ocean was the most powerful teacher, for it stripped the rhymes and formal cadences from his verses because they were in opposition to the irregular movements of the surf." Mrs. Bennett fails to bring forth what would be the strongest support this theory could have: what Jeffers himself thinks of it. At any rate, it is romantic and will probably satisfy those who have no concept of the rigorous intellectual craftsmanship which distinguishes Jeffers' work.

Furthermore, dealing with the theme of incest, Mrs. Bennett wonders what prompted the poet to use it. She rejects the Greeks, then goes on to say, "There is a possibility that his devotion to Shelley may have been strong enough to influence his selection of this theme. But this, too, stays unsubstantiated . . . Could it be, then, Una that has brought him these themes?"

In a letter, published in 1932 and again in 1934, Jeffers wrote, "The use of incest as symbol is no doubt connected with those early dream studies (i. e. Freud and Jung), but I think an earlier reading of Shelley and Byron had something to do with it." (*Italics mine*). Jeffers' first use of incest ("The Three Avilas" in *Californians*) is patently a transposition of Shelley's "Rosalind and Helen." And, of course, the hand of "The Cenci" is to be seen in "The Women at Point Sur." Further, the incestuous story of Tamar in the Old Testament had some influence in the creation of Jeffers' poem of the same name.

Mrs. Bennett's main thesis gives the impression that she believes Jeffers to be a genius largely because the sea is mentioned and described so often in his poetry. Her comprehensive list of these references is impressive and in itself beautiful—but, in my opinion, it is not the secret of Jeffers' great stature. Take all of the sea out of his work, he is still a great poet. I believe that Jeffers is a genius who has loved and unconsciously used the sea as a source of poetry simply because it is the most impressive part of his physical environment, just as he would have responded to the Grand Canyon or the Canadian Rockies had he lived for long thereby.

As I see it, Jeffers' philosophy, his long view of history, which elevates him above the crowd of nature and descriptive poets, is the inevitable result of his heredity and training; and thus I cannot accept Mrs. Bennett's theory that if Jeffers were to move away from the ocean to the hills (as she declares he wants to do), he would be unable to write successful poetry.

The facts are against Mrs. Bennett's theory. When in 1929 Jeffers went to the British Isles the result was "Descent to the Dead," a group of poems which many critics and poetry lovers hold to be as fine as anything Jeffers has ever written. Mrs. Bennett, however, in her tendency to measure the greatness of Jeffers' poems by the number of times the sea is mentioned in them, dismisses these British lyrics (which are concerned with the ghosts and rocky vestiges of the vanished races rather than with the sea) as uninspired.

Jeffers' creative mind is too far-reaching and inclusive ever to be limited by the Pacific Ocean, vast though it be.

It is this lack of critical discernment which weakens Mrs. Bennett's naturally sympathetic gifts as a writer. She has done well to point out the multitude of marine references in Jeffers' work. This first step in the statistical method is well done; but in interpreting her evidence and drawing conclusions therefrom she falls short. Instead of holding to her thesis "Robinson Jeffers and the Sea," she continually in-

roduces personal anecdotes and such irrelevant details as the names of Jeffers' several publishers and the number of times various poems have been included in anthologies. This is neither biography nor literary criticism; it is undisciplined enthusiasm.

Some time ago Mrs. Bennett believed that Jeffers' many references to the sea indicated, in the jargon of psychoanalysis, a "mother fixation." Since then she has been told by Mrs. Jeffers that Robin was not "fixed" on his mother. Therefore in her preface she abandons this theory and states, "This book, then, is not an explanation of the influence of the sea on Jeffers and his work, but rather is a questioning study of this interesting and significant phase of his talent."

Robinson Jeffers is a great poet, though not, as Mrs. Bennett seems persuaded, because he writes often of his front yard the Pacific Ocean. Certainly some of the most beautiful lines he has written are of the sea. But the heart of the matter lies elsewhere. It seems to me that Jeffers is important and will be remembered not as a poet of the Sea, but as a poet of Life. He is interested in the human show (though not necessarily in sympathy with its mass movements) more than he is in rocks and the sea; and we read and respond to his poetry for its detached and wise commentary on man's ways. He is much more than a mere nature-poet, and his long poems—"fables," as he calls them—are more than "sea-narratives."

Mrs. Bennett has done good work in gathering this sea material. The tone of her book is both generous and sincere, and it is written simply and in perfect taste. Needless to say, the design and presswork by the Brothers Grabhorn add one more laurel to their already heavy crown.

LAWRENCE CLARK POWELL

BALANCING THE LITERARY DIET

T. H. HUXLEY'S DIARY OF THE VOYAGE OF H. M. S. RATTLESNAKE. Edited from the Unpublished Manuscript by Julian Huxley. (Doubleday Doran). \$3.00

ORDEAL BY HUNGER: THE STORY OF THE DONNER PARTY, by George R. Stewart, Jr. (Henry Holt and Company). \$2.75

BOOKS, pamphlets, newspaper and magazine articles reporting the current world scene pour forth, no end, like so many finished packages on an endless conveyor. To read only those which seem significant would take all of one's spare time and such reading exclusively is apt to leave one with a case of indigestion. To balance the literary diet some take to detective stories, others to books on travel. For those of this taste here are three contrasting accounts of journeyings far removed from the present scene and well suited to add variety to the reading menu. The first is a record of a purely scientific expedition; the second, pure adventure, the third a quest for new lands and homes.

Thomas Huxley, one of the greatest naturalists and educators of the nineteenth century, began his career as a scientist at the age of twenty a member of a crew which spent over four years collecting scientific data in the remote Pacific Isles, Australia, New Zealand, and Africa. T. H. Huxley's personal diary of that voyage, published now for the first time by his grandson, Julian Huxley, was not written for publication and except for the reluctance of Mrs. Huxley to throw anything away would have been permanently lost to posterity. It escaped Huxley's son who published the *Life and Letters*, was recently discovered among a miscellaneous collection of papers, notebooks, laundry bills and household accounts. By contrast with Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle*, written about the same time in a charming style disclosing the unfoldment of the author's ideas leading up to his enunciation of the theory of evolution, Huxley's Diary is a

disappointment. In large part nothing more than a collector's notebook, there are large gaps in the entries, which often consist of nothing more than the record of latitude or the capture of some invertebrate, set down in Latin terminology. Huxley makes very little reference to the development of his own scientific ideas. Occasionally, his descriptions of far off places and the natives, though sketchy are arresting and instructive; such passages are few and far between. To a student of Huxley interested in the early phases of development of one of the greatest scientists of his age, the diary may be of value. The average reader is sure to find that it does not measure up to the high opinion expressed in the foreword by Julian Huxley.

If you have wondered how human beings behave when stripped of all trimmings of civilization, trapped in the wilderness by winter snow, without adequate shelter, no communication with the outside world, faced with slow starvation, you will find the answer in "The Story of the Donner Party." This group of pioneers numbering eighty-seven men, women and children, set out across the plains for California in 1846, before the Gold Rush had beaten out a well marked Western Trail. Misled by false directions they arrived at the Sierra Nevada late in the season after a gruelling struggle across the desert, in which they lost most of their cattle, a large part of their provisions, themselves almost died of thirst, morale all but gone. Barely started over the pass, they were trapped by wall of snow. Here, near the shore of a mountain lake, they erected crude shelters, prepared for the grim battle against the forces of death. There have been more unequal struggles against fate—mercifully, quickly ended. Blizzard after blizzard, snow piling ever deeper, food, inexorably dwindling, they subsisted, finally on old hides, shoes, even on the flesh of those of their number who succumbed. To present day man, softened by the props and comforts of civilized life, it is almost beyond belief that fellow creatures within the memory of some of our parents could endure such hardships, and having survived remain sane. Forty-one of the original eighty-seven died. What of their conduct through such an ordeal? There is no standard pattern of human behavior as there is for a given species of lower animals. Faced with common disaster, man's behavior in the aggregate is at once stripped of all rank and forced back on primitive instincts. His choice of action in a given situation is conditioned by the sum of his previous experiences and environments. Some will behave as animals, others retain a fair measure of humanity. So in a group, where past experience is as varied as the four seasons, man's behavior pattern will run the gamut of human passion—heroism, beside cowardice; self-sacrifice beside greed; strength, weakness; love, hate; determination, despair. In this account of the Donner Party, are some of the finest examples of heroism and devotion ever recorded. And there are examples of human weakness to make one ashamed to belong to the same species.

The author, George R. Stewart, Jr., has accomplished a fine piece of well authenticated historical writing; so well arranged and so graphically presented as to warrant designation as a classic folk epic.

R. A. KOCHER

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CORRESPONDENCE

Pacific Weekly,
Gentlemen:

I'd like to take this opportunity to express my regrets at the passing of Lincoln Steffens. It came as a great shock to me as I had a high regard for him as a writer and a man.

I'm a young chap of seventeen and a half and am confined in the county jail here for a crime of my own doing. Since being here, I had my folks, who live on the Pacific Coast, get a subscription to the "Pacific Weekly" for me. I must say that reading it has certainly helped make my confinement more pleasant. Your progressive and liberal attitude towards labor, political and economical happenings impresses and interests me very greatly.

I had many moments of pleasure reading Steffens' column. It is hard for me to find words to say how much I shall miss his keen mind and his keen analysis of present day struggles. I feel your magazine as well as the world has lost a great man.

Your truly, An Admirer.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

HERBERT RESNER is a graduate of the University of California, a San Francisco lawyer and journalist.

DAVID PRICE is a southern California journalist.

CAREY McWILLIAMS is well known as a prolific contributor to numerous magazines, including "Pacific Weekly."

JOHN BOND is a labor observer and frequent contributor to "Pacific Weekly."

WILLIAM SAROYAN is author of "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze," and many short stories.

LAWRENCE CLARK POWELL is author of a book on Jeffers.

DAVID CARTWRIGHT is an English graduate of the University of California now living in San Diego.

LOUIS NORDEN is a film critic of Hollywood who has made a special study of social films.

DR. R. A. KOCHER has done research work at John Hopkins Medical School, the Hooper Foundation and at Munich and Leipzig. He is now writing a book.

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THEY TELL ME . . .

ALICE PARK of Palo Alto, one of America's most devoted feminists, writes me as follows: "Don't mix up the Pankhursts. Sylvia is pro-labor and true to labor always. "They Tell Me" has her confused with her older sister, Christabel, who is a revivalist for the Adventists. The oldest sister Adela is with the labor movement in Australia, married and settled there. Sylvia is consistent. She has published two large volumes since the war—"The Suffragette Movement" and "The Home Front." Our apologies to Sylvia.

JOHN STEINBECK has finished his new book to be called "Of Mice and Men." It is a story of agricultural workers in California but not a strike novel this time. There is much clear quick dialogue so that, Steinbeck says, it is almost already in play form.

ANOTHER first class newspaperman is to write his autobiography. This time it is Webb Miller, head of the U.P. foreign service, whose memoirs Simon and Schuster will publish November 7th. The tentative title is "I Wish I Were in Walden."

A NUMBER of writers have gone to Spain, among them John Gunther and André Malraux. Malraux was to carry to the Spanish Popular Front "a message of solidarity from all Frenchmen and women who are watching the struggle with full sympathy and emotion." The Hearst papers have been calling Malraux "the well-known Communist agitator." Incidentally Haakon M. Chevalier, who translated "Man's Fate," has returned from France, where he saw much of Malraux. He is going to write of his French experiences for New York magazines.

Malraux is coming to do a lecture tour in the United States in the Fall.

JOHN GUNTHER is giving up his post as foreign correspondent which he has filled in a number of European countries and is coming back to the U. S. A. to do free lance political writing. His "Inside Europe" is still a best seller. He keeps bringing it up to date.

FIVE NOBEL PRIZE winners—Norman Angell, Albert Einstein, Sinclair Lewis, Thomas Mann, and Luigi Pirandello—will be included in Georges Schreiber's "Portraits and Self Portraits," announced for late Fall publication by Houghton Mifflin Company.

JOHN G. MOORE of Hollywood sends the following:

PRIZE CONTEST FOR WRITERS AND THINKERS

The present age is passing through a period of change, in which old-established values seem to be crumbling. This applies not least to moral values. Moral precepts, based on religious authority have to a great extent lost their hold on the people of today.

At the same time there is manifest in various quarters, especially among thinking young people, a new interest in moral problems and their solution. Once again there is apparent a craving for moral rules which can be relied upon. Whoever can fix and give reason for such rules of durable value and throw new light on the moral problems of the present day will render service both to our young people and to society as a whole.

The undersigned publishing firms, Natur och Kultur in Stockholm, Johan Grundt Tanum in Oslo and Soderstrom and Co. in Helsingfors, have therefore decided to introduce a Scandinavian prize competition dealing with the following subject.

"Can An Objective Moral Standard Be Set Up in the Present Age? If So, on What Can it be Based?"

The book should not exceed 160 pages of the usual octavo size. It should be written as lucidly and as intelligibly as the nature of the subject allows.

For the three best manuscripts prizes of Sw. Crs. 2000, 1000 and 500 will be awarded.

WHAT-NOTS: Random House announces that "No Letters for the Dead," the new Gale Wilhelm novel scheduled for publication on August 10th, already has an advance sale of over 5000 copies. . . . Sidney Kingsley's play, "Dead End," was published by Random House on August 10th, with three woodcuts by Julian Wehr. . . . The Random House motion-picture edition of "Romeo and Juliet" has caught on in the bookstores. A second edition is on the presses. Arthur Baker will publish the book in England. . . . John Strachey has decided that the title of his new book will be "The Theory and Practice of Communism." It will be published by Random House on October 20th. . . . The Grabhorn Press is supervising the typography of Sara Bard Field's new book of poems, "Darkling Plain," of which several have appeared in "Pacific Weekly."

ELLA WINTER